

The Ebensburg Alleghenian.

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ED. JAMES.

VOLUME 9.

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EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 5, 1869.

NUMBER 52.

REVOLUTIONARY TALE.

God is everywhere. His words are in the heart. He is on the battle field, or in our peaceful home. Praise His holy name.

It was in the wilds of Wissahicon, on the day of battle, as the noonday sun came through the thick clustered leaves, that two men met in deadly conflict near the reef which rose, like some primeval world, at least a thousand feet above the dark waters of the Wissahicon.

The man with dark brown face, and dark grey eyes, flashing with deadly light, and a muscular form, clad in a blue frock of the Revolution, is a continental named Warren.

The other with long black hair, drooping along his cadaverous face, is clad in the half military costume of a Tery refugee. This is a murderer of Paoli, named Dehancy.

They met by accident, and now they fought, not with sword and rifle, but with long and deadly hunting knives they struggled, twining and twisting on the green sward.

At last the tory is down—down on the turn, with the knee of the continental on his breast—the upraised knife flashed death in his face.

"Quarter! I yield!" gasped the tory, as the knee was pressed on his breast—"Spare me I yield!"

"My brother," said the patriot, in a tone of deadly hate, "my brother cried for quarter on the night of Paoli, and even as he clung to your knees you struck that knife into his heart. I will give you the quarter of Paoli."

And his hand was raised for the blow, and his teeth were clenched with deadly hate he paused for a moment, and then pinched the tory's arms, and with a slide dragged him to the verge of the rock, and held him quivering over the abyss.

"Merdy!" gasped the tory, turning ashly pale by turns, as that awful gulf yawned below. "Merdy! I have a wife and child at home—spare me."

The continental, with a muscular strength gathered for the effort, shook the murderer once more over the abyss, and then tossed his bitter sneer in his face.

"My brother had a wife and two children. The morning after the night at Paoli that wife was a widow; those children orphans! Ask mercy for them!"

The proposal made by the continental in mockery and bitter hate was taken in serious earnest by the terror stricken tory. He begged to be taken to the widow and her children; and to have the privilege of begging for his life. After a moment of serious thought the patriotic still tighter, placed him on his feet, and led him through the woods. A quiet cottage embossed among the trees broke on their eyes. They entered the cottage.

There basked the desolate heartstomach, sat the widow and her children.

She sat there, a matronly woman of about 25 years, with a face faded by care; a deep dark eye, and long black hair, hanging in disheveled state around her shoulders. One side was a dark haired boy of six years, on the other side, a girl one year younger, with light blue eyes.

The bible—an old and venerable volume—lay open upon the mother's knee. And the pale face tory flung himself upon his knees, and confessed that he had butchered her husband on the night of Paoli, and begged his life at her hands. "Spare me, for the sake of my wife and child!"

He had expected this pitiful moan would touch the widow's heart, but not one relenting gleam softened her heart.

"The Lord shall judge between us," she said in a cold, icy tone, that froze the murderer's heart. "Look, the bible is in my hand. I will close the volume, and let my little son place his fingers at random upon a line, and by that you shall live or die."

This was a strange proposal, made in good faith, of a mild and dark superstition of olden times. For a moment the tory, pale as ashes, was wrapped in deep thought—then in a faint voice he signified his consent.

Raising her dark eyes to heaven the mother prayed to the Great Father to direct the finger of her son. She closed the book—she handed it to the boy, whose cheek reddened with blushing as he gazed upon his father's murderer. He took the bible and opened its holy pages at random, and placed his finger upon a verse. There was a silence. The continental soldier, who had sworn to avenge his brother's death, stood with dilated eyes and parted lips. The culprit kneeling upon the floor, with his face like discolored clay, felt his heart leap in his throat.

Then in a clear, bold voice, the widow read this line from the Old Testament. It was short yet terrible: "That man shall surely die." Look! The brother springs forward to plunge the knife into the murderer's heart; but the tory, pined as he is, clings to the widows knees. He begs that one more trial may be made by the little girl, that child of five years old, with golden hair and laughing eyes.

The widow consents. There is an awful pause. With a smile in her eye, and without knowing what she was doing, the little girl opened the bible as it lay on her mother's knee; she turned her face away and placed her finger upon a line.

The awful silence grows deeper. The deep drawn breath of the brother, and the broken gasp of the murderer, alone disturbed the stillness. The widow and dark-haired boy are breathless. The little girl, as she caught a feeling of awe from those around her, stood breathless, her face turned aside, and her tiny fingers resting on the lines of life and death.

At length, gathering courage, the Widow bent her eyes upon the page, and read. It was from the new Testament: "Love your enemies!"

Oh! book of terrible majesty, and child-like love of sublimity that crushes the heart with rapture, it never shone more strongly than there; in that lonely hut of Wissahicon, when it saved the murderer's heart.

Now look how wonderful are the ways of Heaven. That very night as the widow sat by her fireside—sat there with a crushed heart and hot eyelids, thinking of her husband, who now lay on the drenched soil of Paoli—there was a tap at the door. She opened it, and that husband, living, though covered with wounds, was in her arms.

He had fallen at Paoli but not in death. He was alive, and his wife panting on his bosom.

That night there was prayer and thanks giving in the wood embowered cottage of Wissahicon.

Car Scene.

"I say, conductor, do you know who that good looking lady is there with a book?"

"Yes, I've seen her a few times."

"By jove! she's splendid."

"Yes, I think she is."

"Where does she live?"

"In Chicago, I believe."

"I'd like to occupy that seat with her."

"Why don't you ask her?"

"I did not know but it would be out of order."

"It would not be if she was willing to have you occupy it. Of course, you claim to be a gentleman."

"Oh! certainly. If you are acquainted with her, give me an introduction; that is, if you have no objections."

"Certainly not."

"How far is she going, do you know?"

"Rochester, I believe."

"Give me an introduction, by all means."

Fixing his hair, mustache, and whiskers in a becoming style, he followed the conductor who, on reaching the seat where the lady sat, said, with a peculiar twinkle in the eye:

"My wife, Mr. —, of New York, who assures me he will die before reaching Detroit if he does not form your acquaintance."

The gentleman stammered, stuttered, grew red in the face, filtered out some excuse, and returned to his seat, leaving the lady in company with her husband to enjoy the joke. While they were talking, he left his seat, came up, and said:

"All right, Mr. conductor, I owe you one. If you will give me your address I will send you a basket of champagne, if you will not say anything about this; and if you want anything to drink before the champagne comes, we will stop at the first station."

"Ben," said a bar-room politician to his companion, "did you know that I had declined the office of Alderman?"

"Was you elected?"

"Oh! no."

"What then nominated?"

"No, but I attended our party caucus last evening and took an active part; and when a nominating committee was appointed and were making up their list of candidates, I went up to them and begged they would not nominate me for Alderman, as it would be impossible for me to attend to the duties."

"Pshaw! Jake, what reply did they make?"

"Why, they said they hadn't tho't of such a thing."

"Is Mrs. Brown in?" inquires a gentleman of the servant who responds to his ring at the door bell.

"No, sir; she's not at home."

"Well, I am sorry," said the gentleman in a regretful tone, "as I owe her some money, and called to pay it." Whereupon a voice from over the balustrades is heard: "Oh! I am in; to be sure I am! why Sally, didn't you know that? Ask the gentleman to walk in!"

—Table of contents—the dinner table.

—A willing prisoner—a man locked in slumber.

—A flourishing business—ornamental penmanship.

—To ascertain the weight of a horse—put your toe under his foot.

—The man who was filled with emotion hasn't room for a dinner.

—Never tell your secrets in a corn field for it has a thousand ears.

—The lady who took everybody's eye must have a lot of 'em.

—The fruit of life—the current of our being.

A Joker Caught.

A soldier of the late war relates the following: While we were lying in camp at Rossville, Georgia, the sixteenth Illinois returned from their veteran furlough with a number of recruits. One of these having exhausted his supply of clean shirts, and not yet having learned to be his own laundress, asked a veteran where he could get some washing done.

"Do you see those tents there by the church? Well, go there and ask for Mr. Morgan; he does washing. He's a crusty old cuss, but if you talk pretty nice to him he'll do it for you."

The recruit went as directed, and found Gen. Geo. W. Morgan walking in front of his tent dressed, as was his custom in the uniform of a high private.

"Where will I find Mr. Morgan?"

"My name is Morgan. What will you have?"

"I came to see if I could get some clothes washed?"

"H-m-m. Who sent you here to get your clothes washed?"

"John Smith, over here in the 90th."

"Corporal of the guard?" (The corporal approached, and saluted.) "Young man go with corporal and show him John Smith, so that he can bring him over here. And you come back with him and bring all the dirty clothes you have."

They departed and soon returned with the guilty veteran and a huge armful of dirty shirts, socks, etc.

The General to Smith: "Did you send this young man here to have his clothes washed?"

"Yes, sir, for a joke."

"For a joke! Well we'll have the joke carried out. We do have clothes washed here sometimes. Corporal, take this man Smith and that bundle of clothes down to the creek, and have him wash them, and fold them up neatly, and return them to the owner. See that he does the job handsomely!"

The veteran went away to his work sorrowfully, and the General resumed his walk, no doubt thinking it a good joke.

THE FICTITIOUS—"I want a paper that has long stories in it," said a young lady; and she added, "I don't want a paper for anything else."

She wants nothing serious, no acquaintance with the history of her times, nothing intellectual; nothing but newspaper novels!

Empty heads they must be that can find room every week for some ten columns of a sham story. Yet these are the heads for which the weekly press toils and groans, throwing off by the ten thousands its sheets of shallow, insipid, and disgusting fiction; and for this an amount of money is paid which a sound literature utterly fails to command. Fathers and mothers buy this vile trash for their sons and daughters, and so minister to their ignorance and destitution of all good taste and fitness for life's duties.

Doubtless the periodical press does more than any other one instrumentality to decide the opinions, habits of thought, and general character of the age. A family will, very soon begin to show a sympathy with its weekly paper, and parent and children will soon begin assimilating its sentiment and feeling; and as families are, so is the community at large. Blind and stupid, therefore, yea, worse, are those who tolerate in their houses a class of papers which are made up of the writings of silly, ignorant scribblers, who would be "at the foot" in the town school of good morals. Such are teachers of half of the generation.

—Asa Packer, whom the Democrats of Pennsylvania have just nominated for Governor would hardly do to run on the same ticket with Gen. Rosecrans, whom the Democrats of the next State Westward are trying their worst to support with a show of cheerfulness. He is a man reputed wise, because of a faculty of looking wise and keeping quiet. In Tammany Hall last summer the Pennsylvania Democrats tried long to persuade the Convention that he was a fit man for the Presidency, but with very different success. They are not now likely to have any better luck in trying to persuade their own people of his fitness for the Governorship. We are inclined to think they have not made the most of their opportunities.—Gen. Geo. W. Cass, who fell only ten votes behind Mr. Packer on the first ballot, would have been a much stronger candidate. The platform is of the old sort.—We read that our finances are in a dreadfully bad way, and will never be better until Democrats handle the money, that the Reconstruction policy leads to Imperialism, and that our taxation is tyranny. On the whole, the candidate and the platform fit well together, and both are exceedingly well adapted for defeat.—N. Y. Tribune.

A MAN exclaimed in a tavern: "I'll bet a sovereign I have got the hardest name in the company."

"Done," said one of the company.

"What's your name?"

"Stone," cried the first.

"Hand me your money," said the other; "my name is Harder."

Why Governor Geary should be Re-Elected.

Because he has been a faithful efficient and honest Chief Magistrate.

Because he is the nominee, and representative of a party that stood by the country in the hour of danger, and that stands by the principles of Justice and Freedom upon which our Government is based.

Because he has been tried and not found wanting; neither in his devotion to the principles of true Republicanism, nor in his integrity in adhering to the strict line of principle in all his official acts.

Because he is a man whose private character is unblemished, and whose habits are such as meet the approval of all good citizens.

Because his election will be a severe rebuke to the dishonest politicians, who seek to accomplish his defeat by the most corrupt and indefensible means.

Because Pennsylvania owes it to her honor and fair name, not to permit a brave and gallant soldier, who drew his sword for her safety in the hour of her deadly peril, and who has served her faithfully in time of Peace, to be defeated by one who sympathized with her enemies when the dark cloud of battle lowered, and the fierce conflict for National existence surged around her.

Because a just regard for the memory of the martyred dead, who fell in the heroic struggle for National existence, forbids the State to place in high official position those who sympathized with their enemies.

Because the triumph of the Democratic candidates in this State, would be the triumph of the principles of Free Trade, and a deadly blow at the policy of protection to American Industry—a policy to which the hardy sons of the Old Keystone have always been devoted.

Because the triumphant re-election of Governor Geary, would rejoice the hearts of the true friends of the Nation everywhere, while his defeat would bring joy into the camp of its enemies.

And finally, because the true friends of Republican principles, those who are devoted to the Union and the Constitution, and who sustain the doctrine of "Political Equality to all Men," are anxious for his success and determined he shall be elected, strong and healthy being.

PERSONS ADVANCED IN LIFE.

And feeling the hand of time weighing heavily upon them, with all its attendant ills, will find in the use of this Bitters, or the Tonic, an elixir that will instil new life into their veins, restore in a measure the energy and ardor of more youthful days, build up their shrunken forms, and give health and happiness to their remaining years.

NOTICE!

It is a well established fact that fully one-half of the female portion of our population are seldom in the enjoyment of good health, or to use their own expression, "never feel well." They are languid, devoid of all energy, extremely nervous, and have no appetite.

To this class of persons the Bitters, or the Tonic, is especially recommended.

WEAK AND DELICATE CHILDREN

Are made strong by the use of either of these remedies. They will cure every case of MARASMS, without fail.

Thousands of certificates have accumulated in the hands of the proprietor, and space will allow of the publication of but a few. Those, it will be observed, are from men of note, and of such standing that they must be believed.

TESTIMONIALS:

Hon. Geo. W. Woodward, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pa., writes: "Philadelphia, March 16, 1867.—I find Hoodland's German Bitters is a good tonic, useful in disease of the digestive organs, and of great benefit in cases of debility, and want of nervous action in the system."

"Yours, truly, Geo. W. Woodward."

Lon. James Thompson, Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

PHILADELPHIA, April 28, 1866.

"I consider Hoodland's German Bitters a valuable medicine in case of attacks of indigestion or dyspepsia. I can certify this from my experience of it."

Yours, &c.

JAMES THOMPSON.

From Dr. Joseph E. — made him of the Tenth — night shoddy was Dr. Jack — per cent.

commendations of different kinds of medicines, but regarding the practice as out of my appropriate sphere, I have in all cases declined; but with a clear proof in various instances, and particularly in my own family of the use of Dr. Hoodland's German Bitters, I depart for once from my usual course, to express my full conviction that, for general debility of the system, and especially for Liver Complaint, it is a safe and

THE PENNSYLVANIA DEMOCRACY.

The Democrats in Pennsylvania have nominated Asa Packer as their candidate for Governor. Asa Packer would make a good Governor, but the convention that nominated him have hung a bob to that kite which will swamp him. They have pronounced against negro suffrage, a principle the conservatives of Virginia accepted as a positive fact, and by the help of that vote not only elected their candidate for Governor, but gave a death sting to the carpet-baggers and sealwags. The Pennsylvania Democracy in smoldering Heister Clymer, their old candidate, have only presented a new victim to be placed upon the political scaffold for the Geary daw to peck at.—N. Y. Tribune.

—Some uneducated persons can accomplish much. Many a man who can't write has mark.